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There is, perhaps, too much of Indiana murder trials for a fastidious taste in the papers nowadays. They reflect unfavorably on the Indiana culture that we hear so much about.

One of the beauties of a despotic government is that when it is at war it is quite apt to find spies of the enemy sheltered by its own people, almost within the precincts of the court.

Would it not be just as well for the entertainment committee frankly to admit that it made a mistake in its Sunday programme for the prince and to discontinue its useless attempts to justify itself?

It is to be hoped our warships will not be sent nearer to Fort Arthur than they are at present. It would be just our luck to run into a few floating mines. The only time we lose any ships is when we are at peace.

Apparently the life of the Russians among the Chinese inhabitants of Manchuria is not a bed of roses. The Chinese have a disposition to recall the treatment of the past few years, now that Russian domination is menaced.

Hearst has probably learned a whole lot. One thing he could tell us, if he would, is what Democratic committee officers are worth. He had among his following nearly all of the officers of the national committee and many of the state committees.

The bonfire built by piano dealers at Atlantic City of 1,000 square pianos, to celebrate the passing of that old-fashioned instrument, was a distressing waste of fine wood. At least, the dealers who originally sold them said it was fine, and charged accordingly.

Webb Huntington, whom the Ohio Democrats have chosen to head their state ticket as candidate for secretary of state, has been from boyhood a good deal of a dreamer, but he never had a dream quite so empty as the hope of being elected to office on the Democratic ticket in Ohio.

The police are showing commendable activity in enforcing the automobile speed ordinance. Drivers of these engines are quite apt to take it for granted that might makes right in the matter of the rights of the road, but it is essential that the streets be kept at least measurably safe for pedestrians at the crossings.

President Roosevelt's order to the heads of all the executive departments in Washington to obey the anti-smoke law will cause many persons to wish for a supreme authority in every city whose edict on that subject would be obeyed if they should desire it. There are mayors, to be sure, but what does a mayor signify, especially one of the Democratic brand?

It is intimated in certain quarters that the old Adam is sufficiently strong in those parts of the Methodist church, the superannuated ministers, to prevent any deep sympathy for the bishops lately retired for age. Most of these superannuated brethren were shamed by the bishops at an age far short of that reached by these higher dignitaries when the conference considered their usefulness ended.

The Knights of Fidelity News, the official organ of the saloons of Indiana, acknowledge the services of the Phalanx, the organ of the Prohibition party, by saying: "The Phalanx soon after the Nicholson law and the Anti-Saloon League in a manner which is exactly to our liking." No better compliment could be paid to the law, which has so recently tested the test of the Supreme Court at every assailed point, than that it is assailed with equal violence by the saloons and the Prohibition party. It is not likely to be repealed to please either assailant.

throwing a single straw in the way of the Democratic mayor, but has, on the contrary, worked conscientiously for the success of the city government, with full knowledge that whatever of good may be accomplished will be accredited to a Democratic administration.

THE SAGE OF ESOPUS SPEAKS.

Judge Parker, the Sphinx-like candidate of the Democracy, has at last expressed himself on the subject of the presidency. It is true he has not spoken openly in a public address, nor has he submitted to the newspaper interviewer, but he has talked informally to a political friend, and everybody knows what that means where a candidate is concerned. The friend is invariably of the sort who discloses his information within the hearing of a newspaper man who knows a good thing when he hears it. This was the case with Judge Parker's confidant. He asked the judge how he felt over the prospect that he might become President of the United States, and if he thought he could manage such a big job; then he went out and told what the judge said in reply. "I have no fear," the candidate is reported as saying, "that my lack of familiarity with life at Washington will seriously handicap me. If I am elected I believe I can fill the job. I may not know all about it now, but I can learn it. There are men from whom one may learn a great deal about the presidency before taking the office, and the rest will come after one gets in. I feel about the possibility that I may become President of the United States just as I did when I took the office of chief justice of the Court of Appeals. I realized that I was the youngest man on the bench and I said to myself: 'Parker, what you want to do is to go slow for a time and keep your mouth pretty well shut till you get onto your job.' And I followed that rule. I am following it now as to this presidential talk and shall continue to follow it for a time."

Now, here is an utterance that should fill every true Democratic heart with joy and confidence. Their candidate has not yet made known his opinions on any public question, to be sure, and, judging by his naive confessions, it is proper to infer that he has as yet no definitely formed views on these matters, but is going slow and keeping his mouth shut until he is satisfied as to the safe and correct opinions to hold; yet he is entirely confident that he will be "onto his job" by the time his job is ready for him. What he does not know now he can learn, and if anything is lacking when he takes the presidential chair it will come after that event. Beautiful confidence, charming self-reliance! Democrats who have cherished any doubts as to the qualifications of this candidate can now quiet their fears. He has no fears, and since he must know himself better than they do, who do not know him at all, why should they not cast away their misgivings? Some men in like situation might reflect upon the great problems of statecraft likely to confront any President, the political and other complications sure to arise, and feel a natural hesitation and doubt as to their ability to assume such heavy responsibilities. Not so Parker. He knows he can "get onto his job." More than this, the judge says, and here is the most delightful assurance of all: "No matter what happens nothing can swell my head." A swelled head after telling how he is measuring up to the presidency—perish the thought! A head of that size can't swell. Parker is assuredly the great and only, and the Democrats have got him.

HOME MARKET PRICES.

It is increasingly evident that the farmer is getting the benefit of a higher range of prices for his products, due to the development of home industries and consequent increase in population of the United States. While our cotton exports continue to grow in volume, their relation to the total crop is a decreasing percentage, due to the fact that the home consumption is growing more rapidly than the consumption abroad. In wheat the figures show an actual falling off of exports, while at the same time a higher price level is reached, just as it has been reached in cotton. The home consumption of breadstuffs has increased amazingly.

Time was when Liverpool made the quotations for both these great American staple products of the soil, but that time is past. While Liverpool is still the taker of a larger amount of American cotton than any other port in the world, the prices are made in New Orleans and New York. The feeling of the Liverpool exchange is still something of a factor, but it merely contributes to the quotation; it does not make it as of old.

In wheat, corn and all other American cereals, Chicago makes the quotations for the world, and Liverpool, which once dictated them, is no longer a particularly important factor. A market quotation is always a seesaw between conditions at the point of production and conditions at the center of distribution, but in all the great cereals, except rice, Chicago is the center of both production and distribution, and makes the market. And it is worth while to remember in passing that the purchasing power of a bushel of wheat or a pound of cotton was never so great, even with the nominally high quotations of war times, as it has reached this year.

SWEEPING ANTI-CORRUPTION LAW.

Massachusetts, usually a little in advance of the rest of the country in matters of reform, has just taken another step of far-reaching importance. The Legislature has enacted a law declaring the giving and taking of gratuities to and by servants for the purpose of influencing their action for their employers, or on account of such action already taken, to be a crime and punishable as such. The law is sweeping in its provisions, and seems to cover all cases of gratuity in the nature of the corruption of a servant or employee.

Let us see what this means, in part, at least. It will be a crime to tip a waiter, in order that one may get better service than is accorded those patrons of the hotel or restaurant who do not bribe the waiter. It will also be a crime for the waiter to accept the tip. The same rule will apply to chambermaids, bellboys and all other employees of the establishment. It will also apply to that pioneer and past grand master in the gentle art of holding up the sleeping-car porter. All this seems, of course, a trifle jocular, but if one will follow the law a little further, he will note how bribery, passing on from the small tip to the menial, takes on the form of more serious corruption as it goes higher.

The law will mean that the grocer, the butcher, etc., will be committing a crime when they pay a commission to the butcher or any other servant that may do the buying for the household, or influence such

buying—a practice that has become almost as general in our Eastern cities as it is in Paris, where every servant is on the lookout for commissions of one kind or another. It will mean that the architect or engineer taking a bribe or gratuity of any kind from the contractors and manufacturers whose goods he specifies for his client is a criminal. It will mean that the purchasing agent of a railroad or big industrial concern must be free from the taint or liable to punishment and disgrace. It will mean that music teachers shall not pocket commissions on pianos and other instruments purchased for their pupils, that stenographers shall not be paid commissions on typewriters, nor bookkeepers on adding machines, and so on all along the line.

Few people have any notion to what extent this sort of corruption exists in business and domestic life. The political arena is not the only nor yet the largest field of corruption. If the movement started by Massachusetts can weed this out or even modify it, the effect upon public and private morals, and at last upon our national character, will be very great. And it will undoubtedly help. Stringent laws against corruption of the franchise have not altogether eliminated the business of vote buying, but one does not hear nowadays boasts by men of prominence and respectable standing of the votes they have bought. Such a law as Massachusetts has passed will not altogether eliminate tipping and bribery, but it would very greatly diminish it by giving the givers of such tips and bribes a reasonable excuse for keeping their money.

ANOTHER "GET-RICH-QUICK" SCHEME.

About a year ago considerable interest was excited by the exposure of a "get-rich-quick" scheme which was operating in New York under the name of the E. S. Dean Company. It professed to be operating in stocks and to have exclusive information by which it could make extraordinary profits. It guaranteed investors dividends of 3 or 4 per cent. a month, and issued carefully prepared statements pretending to show such payments. Its finely lithographed letterheads and plausible statements were well calculated to deceive the unwary, and the company did an enormous business. The exposure of its operations was so complete and the publication so broadcast that one would have thought it would be a long time before another such concern would find new victims, but it has happened within a short time.

There has just been exposed at Chicago a precisely similar scheme under the name of the Baldwin Cotton Company. The police believe the managers of the concern are the same as those who operated the E. S. Dean Company, but that is not certain yet. The methods are the same. The Baldwin Cotton Company has not been in operation three months, yet it professes to have been paying dividends since March, 1903. A statement issued April 1, 1904, gives a list of alleged dividends paid from March 2, 1903, to Feb. 14, 1904, at the rate of two per cent. monthly. The total alleged dividends for twelve months were 12.50, making an average of 9.38 per cent. month. Although the company had only been doing business three months before it was exposed, its books showed receipts from "investors" of over \$5,000, among whom were six citizens of Indiana, who showed their faith in the scheme by investing sums ranging from \$100 to \$500. Three of them went in \$500 each.

The exposure of such schemes seems to have about as little effect as the exposure of the gold brick and other similar schemes for robbing credulous and greedy people. Such schemes as this, however, appeal to men of a little higher order of intelligence, since a man who has from \$100 to \$500 cash to invest in a get-rich-quick scheme must have some business capacity and experience. The wonder is that such a man could be made to believe that any legitimate commercial business would yield him such profits and dividends as those promised by these concerns. They bank upon the greed of the average American and his inability to see straight when extraordinary profits are promised, and it looks as if they eluded up the average American about right.

The Methodist Conference at Los Angeles sang with much vigor a missionary hymn, entitled "On to Tibet," whose last stanza runs thus:

Gates fling wide, east down the bars,
On to Tibet,
Storm the heights that pierce the stars,
On to Tibet!

Marching on with shouts of praise,
Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
Lead you on, Ancient of days,
On to Tibet!

Somehow this suggests to the unsentimental reader the "mission" in which Great Britain is now engaged in Tibet. But in this case, as it happens, the Tibetans are doing some of the storming and raging.

THE HUMORISTS.

Just Between Neighbors.

Mrs. Haggard—Do you know, myself and my daughter are often mistaken for sisters?

Mrs. Gay—Ah!—What girl must be studying too hard, don't you think?—Puck.

Spring.

People they are under
The weather, mostly, why?
Well, the weather it is mostly wind.
And the wind is mostly high. —Puck.

He Was It.

Neil—I saw her promouncing on Sunday and she wore a most expensive new gown and hat.

Belle—Yes, you wouldn't catch her out walking with anything cheap looking.

Neil—Oh, but she was. She had that Mr. Stowman with her—Philadelphia Ledger.

With a Move on It.

There is no need of your working a lick, protested the eastern manager. "You've already got the other fellows licked to a standstill. Do you want the earth?"

"No," said the popular candidate, with a grin that showed a set of fine teeth. "I'll be satisfied with a landslide."—Chicago Tribune.

Soiled by Trade.

Mrs. Wayup—Don't invite those Hahup girls again. Their father has disgraced himself.

Miss Wayup—Impossible! He is a noted scientist and president of a college.

Mrs. Wayup—Yes, but the vulgar fellow has been making a study of the trade winds. It's in all the papers, too.—New York Weekly.

From the Ibsenite Paradise.

Johnny—Pa, what is a dramatic recital?

Wise Pa—A dramatic recital, my son, is where a person hovers a lot of people by repeating what he can remember of some play or poem that nobody ever cared to read.

Johnny—Then it isn't exactly an entertainment, is it?

Wise Pa—An entertainment! Mercy, no! It is an art exhibition.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE FUNNY YOUNGSTERS.

Quick Work.

A little Boston girl found it difficult to master a stitch in knitting, and her aunt thought to force patience by reminding her that Rome was not built in a day. "Oh, aunt, how can you talk so?" Don't you know that it took God only six days to make the whole world, and I don't suppose He spent more than half an hour on Rome?—New York Tribune.

Wanted Them to Grow.

The conversation had turned to the queer sayings and doings of children, and the German-town woman told this: "My washerwoman," she said, "has little girl who is now years old, and another about two. The older child is growing rapidly, and some time ago she was obliged to discard a pair of shoes that were not worn out, and yet which were too large for the younger child. The mother thought that the shoes would be put away for some time, and she told the older child to keep them until she could grow into them, and nothing more was thought of the matter until the other day, when the mother was digging in her kitchen garden preparatory to planting some seeds. She unearthed the pair of forgotten shoes, and at once the child began to cry. The mother's astonishment at finding the shoes was mixed with wonder at the little girl's outburst of grief. 'What are you crying about?' she demanded. 'What did you dig 'em up for?' she asked. 'I planted 'em,' said the girl. 'And if you had only let 'em alone they soon would have grown big enough for me to wear again.'—Philadelphia Record.

Ought to Have Said Grace.

In one of Kansas City's religious Baptist families there is a bright little four-year-old girl. She is a youngster who has the distinction of nearly breaking one of a great artist's strongest secrets, and she has a habit of saying grace with them, the family are allowing it to circulate.

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing here last winter, the eldest daughter of the family wished to see her, and not having any one else with her, she took the young girl. The little girl stood up during the entire play, watching excitedly, yet wonderingly. It was the last act and the great actress was reaching the climax where she sits at the table and drinks about the table. The child began to cry. 'Take the glass in her hand and raise it to her lips. That was too much for the little girl, brought up in a religious family.

"Sister Jessie! Sister Jessie!" she fairly shrieked, "she was saying grace!—New York Times.

Sister Jessie clapped her hand over the little girl's mouth, but the solemnity of the scene was spoiled.—Kansas City Journal.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD.

Simplifying Geography.

Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, was illustrating the impossibility of one man knowing all there is to know.

"Used to sail with a skipper," he said, "who was a good seaman, but as was what you might call all at sea when he was on land. He was driving one day along a country road in England when he came to a signpost. An index finger pointed in the direction from which the skipper came, and the inscription read, 'Selkirk, 12 miles.'"

"Now, Selkirk was the town for which the skipper was bound. He did not want to turn around, so he climbed the post, tore the sign down, and he pointed in the direction he was going. Then he climbed back into the buggy and drove on."—New York Times.

An Omission to Be Rectified.

Prince Holenlohe, in course of his recent visit to New York, commended the wine of America. He praised especially the California red wines, which seemed, he said, to be exceedingly pure.

Then, apropos of wine's purity, the prince narrated a recent experience of his.

"A Berlin vignette," he said, "was issued of selling a wine made of chemicals. He was brought to court, found guilty and fined."

"After he had paid his fine he approached the chemist who had sold him the wine, and said: 'How did you know,' he asked, 'curiously, that my wine was manufactured?'"

"Because it contained no bitartrate of potash," said the chemist. "In natural wines bitartrate of potash is always present."

"Thanks," said the vignette, in a tone of relief. "It will be found in my wines hereafter."—New York Tribune.

Hudn't Room for So Many.

A certain young Washingtonian, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania of the class of '95, recently attended a meeting in Philadelphia of his classmates. It appearing to the young man that it would be a pleasant trip for him to visit some of his comrades to spend the week's end at his family's country seat, just outside Washington, he telegraphed home, in order that everything might be in readiness for the expected visit of the party, in these words: "Will you bring party of '95 men over to stay till Monday."

Now the home of the family in question is an extremely large one and is noted for its hospitality. Nevertheless the father of the young man evidently considered that even the capacity of his house had its limitations. In reply to his son's wire he sent the following:

"Can take care of twenty-five or thirty, but not enough room for ninety-eight."—New York Press.

THE NICHOLSON LAW.

Chairman Newlin Criticizes Recent Utterances of This Paper.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

Since you have taken issue with my position on the Nicholson law, I beg leave that you will give me an opportunity to say a word in reply in the columns of your paper.

First—I cannot understand what you mean by saying, "The Nicholson law has been in force longer than any other the state has had." The law enacted in 1893 has been in force ever since it went into effect on March 17 of that year, and is still in force.

Second—Your statement that "the advocates of restriction err in supposing that the same law can be enforced with equal success in large cities and in small towns or rural communities" is a most interesting one. Your argument, carried to its logical sequence, would lead us to enact one law of law relative to the liquor traffic applicable to rural communities, another to towns under a certain population, and another to cities over a certain population. Is this what you intend to imply? Or do you intend to intimate that a republican form of government, as exemplified in the United States, cannot enforce its laws, and that they do things better under monarchies?

In your editorial of May 19 you said, "In England and on the continent law is enforced in each other's hands, and because officers are sworn to enforce it. One no more thinks of showing a law aside because it is unpopular or inconvenient than he would think of disregarding the weather. Which one of your editorial utterances is it that you intend to take as your settled belief?"

Third—You say a local option principle is the underlying feature of the present law. Let me ask you if you know of any distinctly local option law in the United States in which the will of the people, when expressed in a local option law, is not good for at least twelve months? In most States a local option law on this or any other question is good for two to five years, and I know of no instance in which it is not so. The Nicholson law, where it does not hold good for at least twelve months. If the citizens of Indiana are to be compelled to take the affirmative side of this fight against the saloon, the only thing that we ask is that the moral sense of our city is justly shocked, and that they do things better under monarchies?

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There need be no recriminations against a public-spirited committee that, in the Nicholson law, has shown a marked devotion to duty. We may all be glad that the marked omission and the censurable error in the editorial of May 19 in the expressed moral sense of the city.

JOSHUA STANFIELD.

Indianapolis, May 24.

THE DRAFT OF POLITICS.

Edward J. Fogarty, the recently re-elected Democratic mayor of South Bend, is in the city, a guest at the Grand. Mr. Fogarty is an avowed candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Having won two hand fights in his home city, he seeks new worlds to conquer, and it is understood that he is now in Indianapolis to open his campaign in state politics. He denies this, however, saying that he has merely come to the capital city for a few days to get a much-needed rest.

Since the campaign was a hard one and I was thoroughly worn out," he said last evening. "Since the election I have been extremely busy, except for the time I spent here at the state convention, and I have been unable to get any rest, so when the chance came I took a train for Indianapolis, where I should have been here before. I believe I should have headed in the opposite direction when I left home, though, for it is a few degrees hotter here than it is in South Bend."

And with that the mayor of South Bend, who took the beam at several notches above the 200 mark, mopped the perspiration from his brow and signed for an electric fan. His words were earnestly listened to by the crowd that gathered about him.

"I expect to be a candidate for Governor before the Democratic state convention, but I am not beginning an active campaign at this time. The convention is sixty days away, and I want to get in touch with the delegates. There won't be much interest taken in Democratic state politics until after the national convention, anyhow."

This last sentence indicates that the spirit of election that possesses most of the other men who are mentioned in connection with the Democratic gubernatorial nomination is not shared by Mayor Fogarty. Like the others, he will not be sure that he wants to head the state ticket until he has seen what the national convention leaves the party hopelessly disrupted or fairly well united. In the latter event he will not be in a position to head the ticket, for he will be well trying for, and he will go after it.

In the meanwhile, say those who know Mr. Fogarty's political methods, he will not neglect to get in touch with the delegates to the state convention who have already been selected. He will make his preliminary organization and will endeavor to get a man or two to back him up in the event he is chosen as the Democratic candidate.

The gubernatorial contest did not enter into the selection of a candidate for Mayor. Parker-Hearst issue. Consequently the gubernatorial candidates are not yet in the race, and it is not yet known whether the party organization will doubtless be brought to the support of one of them, as it was brought to the support of the "yellow peril." Even at that stage the organization is divided, and it is not yet known whether the party will support the "yellow peril" or the "blue peril." The latter party is looking to Major G. V. Hendricks, of Ellettsville, as the man to head the ticket. The latter party is looking to Major G. V. Hendricks, of Ellettsville, as the man to head the ticket. The latter party is looking to Major G. V. Hendricks, of Ellettsville, as the man to head the ticket.

Major Menzies has declared repeatedly that he will not be a candidate and that he will not accept the nomination. The major would like to be Governor, but he says he could not afford to make the race. It would necessitate the sacrifice of his law practice and he cannot afford to take the chance. Despite this protestation, however, he may be drawn into the race, for it is well known that a majority of the men who comprise the Taggart machine want him to head the ticket. The Taggart machine is getting about everything it wants from Indiana Democracy this year.

Oscar H. Montgomery, of Seymour, Republican nominee for Judge of the Supreme Court from the second judicial district, was in the city yesterday, attending Federal Court.

Republican State Chairman James P. Goodrich, of Winchester, is expected at state headquarters to-day.

Prohibition State Chairman Charles E. Newlin has compiled a provisional programme for the three days the national convention will be in session in this city the last of next month. The convention proper will begin on Monday.

PARAGON—Thomas Gentry, a prosperous farmer, who has been a Republican since he was killed by lightning during an electric storm Tuesday morning. He left a widow and four small children.

GOSHEN—Goshen surgeons and physicians, assisted by fraternal organizations and the city with separate wards, in capacity of forty beds, with separate wards for contagious cases and insane and fever patients.

RICHMOND—The official board of the Christian Church has accepted the resignation of Rev. J. J. White, and it will take effect July 1. The local church is now casting about for a new pastor.

PETERSBURG—The commencement exercises of the Petersburg High School were held Monday night in the Methodist church. The principal, J. J. White, gave the address to the class on "The Worth of a Man." There were sixteen graduates.

LOGANSBURG—This city is living up to its name. The longest period without town without fire. Fire Chief White reports that there has not been a fire for three years ago, but had not lived peacefully a call, except one, in his twenty years of service.

—The increasing demand for steam heat in this city, as a result of the failure of the gas supply, has caused the Electric Light and Power Company to announce that its plant will be extensively enlarged.

KOKOMO—After several hitches, beginning with ex-Governor Taylor's recall of his acceptance, Kokomo has at last secured a Democratic ticket. The ticket is Daniel E. Storms and has been wired to deliver the address and has wired his acceptance to the G. A. R. committee.

KOKOMO—George Dixon and James Tierney, residence unknown, were arrested by the Goshen police on Monday night on the charge of stealing a horse and buggy from the J. H. Laird livery barn, at Goshen, Ind. The horse was recovered the next day.

FORT WAYNE—It is announced here that William S. McLeod, a well-known traveling man of this city and Mrs. Mary McLeod, of Terre Haute, were secretly married a year ago in Canada. Rev. Father Hind, of Windsor, officiated. They will begin housekeeping in this city.

BROWNSTOWN—Clayton Fleetwood, of Kurts, took poison Monday afternoon, dying about 7 o'clock in great agony. He said he was tired of life. He was married three years ago, but had not lived peacefully with his wife. He left a widow and one child. He was twenty-one years old.

EVANSVILLE—A cattle buyer, named McKinney, who lives in Louisville, Warrenton county, was probably fatally injured near this city as the result of a runaway. McKinney's horse plunged down an embankment and he was caught beneath the animal as they rolled into the ditch below.